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## MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

By James W. Ward.

At the age of five-and-twenty,  
Golden age of trust and promise,  
When the hopes of life are brightest,  
And its cares and trials are hidden,  
When the heart is strong and earnest,  
And the natant love is kindling  
That pure flame that burneth ever  
While the oil of life endureth—  
Then my honored father married  
His beloved Evelina,  
My true-hearted angel mother.

This was in the blooming spring-time,  
In the month of flowers and sunshine;  
Winter, with its frosts, had left them,  
And the grasses in the meadow,  
And the flowers upon the hill-side,  
Springing up in life and beauty,  
Filled the air with health and sweetness.  
My mother then was just eighteen,  
And beautiful, they said who knew her,  
As any lily; not a blossom,  
Sweetly nodding in the valley  
Of the rippling Wiesibicon,  
Turned its lovely face to heaven  
With a purer glance or fairer;  
And so my father saw and wooed her.  
Then was fixed her lovely image  
On his heart, as, fresh and youthful,  
Warm with love's divine emotion,  
Then she blushing smiled upon him;  
And ever after, through all changes,  
If he wake, or if he slumber,  
Still that gentle face he seeth  
As he saw it on that morning  
Her sweet voice first called him husband.

Forty years of peaceful union,  
Forty years of love and duty,  
On their heads since then have ripened,  
Hope, and trust, and joy maturing;  
Till at last has come upon them  
Age, or what in youth is called so;  
Age, that unperceived approaches,  
Making saddest alterations,  
With its sombre lines and shadows,  
In each slowly changing feature;  
And my mother, bless her sweet face,  
Kind and loving through all changes,  
Is no more the radiant beauty  
She was once; so time disposes  
Of the youthful charms and graces  
That enchain us and delight us.

Came the other day an artist,  
With his camera and lenses,  
With his chemicals and metals,  
Copying faces with the sunlight;  
And my mother sat before him,  
And the beams that shone upon her,  
From her pure face were reflected  
To the plate prepared to fix them;  
Accurately there imprinting  
Every line, and shade, and feature,  
Every dimple, every wrinkle;  
The solicitude maternal,  
That calm look of anxious yearning,  
And the lips' matured expression,  
And the sunk cheek's care-worn shadows—  
All were truly represented,

Nothing changed, and naught omitted;  
True as in the placid water  
Was the image of Narcissus;  
True as the answer of the mirror  
To the face that looketh in it.  
The artist spoke his approbation:  
"Tis very good," he said, "and truthful;"  
"Tis excellent," exclaimed the stranger;  
"Tis mother," all the children echoed,  
And I myself declared it perfect.

But my father, looking inward  
On the past, in dreamy fondness,  
Thoughtful gazed, in silent sadness,  
Shook his head in disappointment,  
Said at length, with strange assurance,  
Tears upon his eyelids glistening—  
"Tis not her; not so I see her,  
Not thus through years of bliss have known her;  
Not thus appears my Evelina,  
Still to me as fair and blooming,  
As when first her love she gave me.  
She in youth I loved and wedded  
Looks not thus to me, has never  
Shown these sad and life-worn features:  
Or the dreamy past has mocked me,  
Or my memory is failing,  
Or my sight is dim and treacherous,  
Or these tears obscure my vision,  
Or the likeness is defective;  
But I cannot in the picture  
See the face, to me so different,  
Of my wife, my life's companion;  
Tis not thus to me she looketh."

"Tis a mystery needs solution;  
Who will help me to an answer?  
Why is it, my aged father,  
All his mental strength possessing,  
Clear in head, and keen of vision,  
Cannot see his wife grow older—  
Sees her still as when he won her  
In her maiden beauty blushing?  
Shall we say the heart receiveth,  
In its youth, ere time has scarred it,  
Its supreme and deep impressions,  
Like the sensitive, quick metal  
Of the camera, and retaineth  
Them indelibly, forever?

## FIDDLING FOR THE DEAD.

A Tale of Three Nights' Experience.

SEVERAL years ago, circumstances connected with my art led me to Naples. After working hard, and winning some sort of reputation as a violinist in my own country, I determined on giving a series of concerts in the principal cities of the continent, in the hope—I think not an unlaudable one—of upholding English music, and at the same time filling my own pocket. The experiment proved highly satisfactory; and with the exception of a few hostile criticisms, I must honestly confess I met with quite as much success

as I deserved. At Naples, the appointment of solo-player at the opera was offered me, and although the emolument attached to the office was not very high, I gladly accepted it, in order to enjoy the delights of a southern winter, and at the same time devote myself to theoretical studies, under the genial influence of the siren Parthenope. We fiddlers require, every now and then, a few months' pause and abstraction from the too mercenary professional life of Paris and London, otherwise our enthusiasm is apt to cool, and we come to look upon our once-loved art as no longer a mistress to be worshipped, but a trade to make money by. The appointment gave me occupation, but at the same time left abundant leisure to prosecute my other studies, and I was perfectly contented with my lot. The climate and scenery are alone an intoxication, while the magnificent Toledo, with its perpetual fair, the stately palaces of the Chiaja, or, better still, the unrivalled bay, prohibit all ennui. To live in this "piece of heaven fallen on the earth," as the Neapolitan calls his country, is a positive pleasure; as the eye rests upon the luxuriant gardens around, or catches the sparkling foam of that delicious sea, with Capri and Ischia in the distance, we no longer wonder at the indolent, pleasure-seeking nature of the people. Like a gentle opiate, lulling the sense of bodily pain, a divine repose steals over the fretted nerves and heated brain in this "delicious land of lavish lights and floating shade;" and to the musician, living for the most part a highly artificial life, amidst the feverish excitements of perpetual emulation, the lotus gift comes with a double welcome. Yielding entirely to the surrounding influences, I shunned society as much as possible, and lived alone—alone with my loved Guernarius, best and most cherished of friends. In solitary rambles through the picturesque streets, an occasional sail to one of the small islands of Lazaretto and Nisida, or a stroll to the environs, the weeks passed by in delightful succession, literally embarrassed with the riches of nature and art. Nursed in solitude, my ideas grew apace; sheet after sheet of paper became crowded with a series of hieroglyphics, unintelligible to any but a very practised eye; and I had already planned, and even partly executed, a work of a more ambitious character than any I had hitherto attempted. This work, on which I intended to rest my reputation as